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I.—SHAKESPEARE, BURLESQUED BY TWO FELLOW-DRAMATISTS.

I.—THE FALSTAFF PLAYS.

Histriomastix, though inferior as a play, still engages an intermittent interest in the question, Who was the Player Whipped? Simpson's identification of the actor-poet Post-haste with Shakespeare was not convincing. The line, 'that when he shakes his furious spear,' made it seem possible that the great dramatist and his Troilus and Cressida were glanced at, but that was merely in the second of three plays within the play, scraps only of each being rehearsed. The line has remained enigmatical, from the apparent lack of any motive for a random hit at Shakespeare in the production as a whole. Of more recent critics, F. G. Fleay promised 'to trace the Jonson, Marston, Dekker, Shakespeare quarrel to these plays.' But Fleay pronounces any reference of Post-haste to Shakespeare 'absurd,' and shifts his own ground of identification from Heywood to the arid regions of Antony Monday's art. These appear to be dashes in several wrong directions, rather than any advance beyond previous theories. Richard Simpson's happy guess, unsupported by evidence and extremely limited in application, has been selected as the starting-point of the present study of the play.¹

¹ Swinburne (Nineteenth Century, October, 1888) calls Simpson a 'harmless monomaniac,' and protests against all investigation of Histriomastix: 'This abortion of letters is such a very moon-calf, begotten by malice on idiocy, that no human creature above the intellectual level of its author will ever dream of attempting to decipher the insignificant significance which may possibly—

The dramatic stock-in-trade of Post-haste's company consists wholly of crude plays and interludes: Mother Gurton's Needle (a tragedy), The Devil and Dives (a comedy), etc. His own plays are of a piece with these; they are: The Prodigal Child, The Lascivious Knight and Lady Nature, Troilus and Cressida, and an unnamed play. The second of these conceals in its title a caricature of Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

It must not be forgotten that the original title of this play, as published, read: Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor. Mistress Ford, to whose role as heroine Mistress Page acts the part of a *soubrette* in the principal scenes, is Lady Nature, and the Lascivious Knight is Sir John. The opening speech of Falstaff at their first rendezvous strikes the tone of courtly amorous courtship, in the snatch from Sir Ph. Sidney's *Astrophel*: 'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?' The ensuing protestations mingle fulsome compliment with condescending familiarity.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the

though improbably—be latent under the opaque veil of its inarticulate virulence.' More of the same and still more vehement will be found on page 543. The ranting and roaring comedy Mr. Swinburne is criticizing was not published as a sober study in literature, but it suggests sinister comparisons. Melancholy results of such moody criticism are not far to seek. Ph. Aronstein (John Marston als Dramatiker, *Englische Studien*, vol. 20, 1895) copies Swinburne's 'hot and heavy blossom of rhetoric,' *als diktiert' euch der Heilig' Geist*, and informs his readers that, after plodding through *Histriomastix*, he feels as hopelessly confused as the Scholar in *Faust*. But while his distinguished literary sponsor in the matter of *Histriomastix* may be suspected now and then of being *des trocknen Tons nun satt*, even when he dons the critic's gown, it would be in all seriousness interesting to learn what species of scholar Mr. Aronstein feels like, when grandly waving a play aside which he confesses he does not understand: 'Selbstverständlich brauchen wir es bei der kritischen Betrachtung der Dramen Marstons nicht zu berücksichtigen.' Even Mr. Bullen maintains towards this play an attitude barely consistent, and disappointing: 'Marston's hand is plainly discernible' [Text]; 'I have not included [it] in this edition of Marston. [It] is of little value and easily accessible. Marston's share in *Histriomastix* was slight' [Note]. The present study, being chiefly concerned with the play itself, was not written in the hope of lifting this veil of anonymity; but Marston has been freely called the author, inasmuch as the evidence in favor of this view, already in hand and to be presented in this series of studies, is very strong, if not overwhelming.

brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend [i. e. Nature being, as she is, thy friend].¹

'Fortune my foe,' the dismally popular song, lends something of its pregnant, aphoristic quality to the converse, 'Nature thy friend.' The author of *Histriomastix* chooses to take seriously the implied overstepping of the boundaries of caste, as ruinous in its social consequences. Misplaced play-acting patronage is the vice of the lords and ladies most inveighed against in the play; but the citizens, and particularly the rich 'petty-foggers' hooded wives,' are blamed for not being 'pent in nice respect of civil modesty.' They aim above their station, in dress and ornament. Calamancha cries, 'out!' upon her own 'velvet-guards and black lac'd sleeves, these simpering fashions simply followed,' while the fine ladies resent her later ambitious adornments by a scornful 'Gip, Velvet-guards!'

But this yearning over the sins of the commonwealth, on the part of the author of *Histriomastix*, is for the most part only the obligatory accompaniment to the real theme, the Player Whipped. The hit at Shakespeare, in 'Lady Nature,' is quickly reinforced in the dialogue. Post-haste abruptly asks his fellow-players, 'my masters, what tire wears your lady on her head?' [i. e. what

¹ The words, 'If Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend,' occur for the first time in the Folio of 1623. The reference in *Histriomastix*, if conceded, gains therefore some weight for the discussion of similar discrepancies between the Quartos of several plays and the Folio. The popular assumption that the Quarto of 1602 represents merely a first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been perpetuated by the Cambridge editors, in their latest edition. Against the theory of such a slow elaboration are to be counted, the tradition that Shakespeare finished the play in two weeks at the command of Queen Elizabeth, the scrappy contents of the Quarto, stolen in all probability from the stage, and the surreptitious publication. The tradition is now in some measure reinforced by the consideration that Post-haste's dreaded rapidity of production is part of the caricature of Shakespeare. P. A. Daniel, the editor of the Quarto Facsimile of the *Merry Wives*, claims that a comparison with the Folio gives evidence of the omission in the Quarto of passages which must have existed in the Folio it is supposed to represent, and that the Quarto is not a first sketch.

headdress ought I to have given a lady in my play?]. Post-haste inhabits too low a sphere to be supposed to know what a lady should wear. Belch, by occupation a 'beard-maker,' replies, 'Four squirrel tails tied in a true love's knot.' Post-haste rejoins, 'O amiable good, 'tis excellent!' The comment of the second player, Gut, on the whole business is, 'Faith, we can read nothing but riddles.' It is evident that an easy riddle was intended for those among the audience who were in the secret, and the interpretation was to be found in the scene from the 'Merry Wives,' above cited.¹ The humor lies, of course, in the contrast between Mistress Ford's simple kerchief, appropriate to her station, and the exotic headdresses proposed for her, but worn only by ladies of birth and fashion. Staunton, in his note to the scene, exclaims

¹ Marston complains of similar treatment at the hands of hostile play-writers, and therefore presumably understood the 'retort courteous.' 'Their ungentele combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labor to undermine my unfenced reputation.' Preface to the Fawn (1606).

Nay, say some half a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice at my latest scene.

—Induction to *What You Will* (1607).

In Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, the prologue (Envy) speaks:

For I am risse here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures and destroy your sports,
With wrestlings, comments, applications,
Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
And thousand such promoting sleights as these.
. . . .
Are there no players here? no poet-apes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steep'd in venom, as their hearts in gall?
Either of these would help me; they could wrest,
Pervert and poison all they hear and see,
With senseless glosses and allusions,
. . . .
Traduce, corrupt, supply, inform, suggest.

In the same play, Ben Jonson introduces the Armed Prologue:

If any muse why I salute the stage
An armed Prologue; know, 'tis a dangerous age,
Wherein who writes, had need present his scenes
Forty-fold proof against the conjuring means
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.

upon the 'innumerable new-fangled tires, of which the form is lost and not worth seeking.' This is a convenient opportunity for disagreeing with his latter statement, though the 'four squirrels tails tied in a true love's knot,' being a domestic fashion—if indeed not invented for this occasion—may be far simpler of explanation than the tires of Venetian admittance. In any case, the 'true love's knot' assigns the headdress of Lady Nature to an incongruously humble sphere of society. Shakespeare had in his way anticipated this carping (II, 1):

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Sir Alice Ford and Lady Nature find easy counterparts in Sir John Falstaff and the Lascivious Knight.

He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry.

Post-haste's play, The Lascivious Knight and Lady Nature, is cried for three o'clock in the afternoon, at the 'Towne-house.' While they wait for the audience, the actor-poet's fellow-players inquire how he proceeds in the plot of his next play, which is to be posted for Friday night.

Post-haste. O sirs, my wit's grown no less plentiful than the time;
There's two sheets done in folio.

To quiet their perturbation, he gives a maudlin recital from the scene already achieved. This play is called the 'new plot of the Prodigal Child.' A Morality with this title was presented in the year 1574-5. It will be shown, later on, that Shakespeare's Henry 5 is ridiculed in *Histriomastix*, and the Lascivious Knight has already introduced the Merry Wives of Windsor. The 'new plot of the Prodigal Child' appears to be aimed at Shakespeare's Henry 4, thus making the Falstaff cycle of plays complete.

Histriomastix accommodates Shakespeare to the perspective of the old Moralities, and Henry 4 has preserved distinct traces of that dramatic form, both in plot and execution. Falstaff is in many respects an evolution of the Vice of the old comedy, and when Prince Henry calls him 'white-bearded Satan, Devil, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father ruffian, that Vanity in years,' he analyzes Falstaff's complex character from the point

of view of the Morality. In the travesty in *Histriomastix*, the Devil, Vice, Iniquity and Juventus appear, and are hailed with

What unworthy foolish foppery
Presents such buzzardly simplicity?

Falstaff's haunt at the Boar's-Head in Eastcheap suits the plot of the Moralities, which locate the debaucheries of the Prodigal in a tavern. If Henry 4 is really the play meant, then Juventus is Prince Henry. Falstaff, 'that villainous abominable misleader of youth,' 'the tutor and the feeder of my riots,' is the pivot upon which the clumsy burlesque in *Histriomastix* is adjusted to its ostensible subject: the ruin which corrupt plays are preparing for the young nobility and the state.

The text itself of the parody, consisting of two disjointed paragraphs, offers no opportunity for any proof in detail of the theory advanced. But when Dame Virtue addresses the Prodigal: 'my son, thou art a lost child, and hast many poor men of their goods beguil'd,' a feature foreign to the ordinary dramatic plot of the story is introduced. If, however, the Prodigal be a caricature of Shakespeare's Prince Henry, the allusion to his madcap adventure, where the carriers are robbed, is plain. 'Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses?'

An examination of Shakespeare's play adds considerable evidence in confirmation. King Henry 4 bewails his son's inordinate and low desires, his barren pleasures, rude society. 'Riot and dishonor stain the brow of my young Harry.' The Prince strikes the Chief Justice 'in the very seat of justice' and is imprisoned. He has lost his princely privilege, with vile participation. His place in council he has 'rudely lost, which by thy younger brother is supplied.' Prince John of Lancaster, who breaks his faith towards the capitulating rebels, is in strong contrast with Prince Henry throughout the play. In the picture Falstaff draws of the younger prince, he is the very pattern of the Prodigal's brother in the Moralities. 'Good faith, this same sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof.' But Prince Henry makes his 'true submission' to his father, and baffles the old Vice, Falstaff:

Presume not, that I am the thing I was :
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self.

The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now;
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

These aspects of First and Second Henry 4 constitute it a 'new plot of the Prodigal Child.' The further fact that the caricature in *Histriomastix* is placed between the Lascivious Knight and the remaining play in the series renders it nearly certain that Henry 4 is the play meant.¹

The threshold of Henry 5 has now been reached. Here the tone of *Histriomastix* changes. Falstaff disappears, and it is no longer the matter of the play, in the first instance, but the manner of it, which is ridiculed. The scene is again the private rehearsal of an unnamed play by Post-haste, who fails to appear and is fined twelve pence for 'staying so late.'

Gut. Prologue begin (rehearse, etc.).
 Gentlemen, in this envious age we bring Bayard for Bucephalus.
 If mired, bogged, draw him forth with your favors.

In Henry 4, Shakespeare thus describes Prince Henry:

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

¹ A new edition of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* appeared in 1598. The republication in that year of the dramatic crudity, from which Shakespeare had so recently drawn material for the characters of Prince Henry and Falstaff, has been characterized as an outcome of the complaint that Shakespeare had distorted the historical character, Sir John Oldcastle, in his new creation [Fleay, *Chronicle History*, p. 136]. Marston's attack in *Histriomastix* seems to have owed its inception and excuse to the very prejudice which made Shakespeare, in the epilogue to 2 Henry 4, disclaim any intention of caricaturing the 'martyr' Oldcastle. But the importance of the *Famous Victories* ends here. It is not likely to have been thought of directly, in the satire on the 'new plot of the Prodigal Child.' In the *Famous Victories*, as in Henry 4, the story of a prodigal is recounted, but the complete lack of those very touches of the genius of comedy, which rendered Shakespeare's Henry 4 susceptible of caricature, effectually excludes the earlier play from any consideration. The 'new plot of the Prodigal Child' in *Histriomastix* is represented as a reworking of the old Morality of that name.

In the present play the heir apparent of France, in a passage which may have been intended by Shakespeare as a *pendant* to the above, likens himself to Perseus astride of Pegasus. The passage is nearly as long, and as characteristic for the drama and the speakers, as the description of the courser in *Venus and Adonis*. The Dauphin, who 'has his horse to his mistress,' and has written a sonnet in praise of that 'Wonder of nature,' takes part in some low by-play on this double theme, which Shakespeare no doubt intended to mark the frivolity of the French nobility, on the eve of the battle of Agincourt.

Dauphin. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs.

I can come to no other conclusion than that the author of *Histriomastix* made no scruple of descending to the level of this scene in inditing his mock prologue:

If mired, bogg'd, draw him forth with your favors.

The first verse of the prologue now claims attention:

Gentlemen, in this envious age we bring Bayard for Bucephalus.

King Henry 5 stands in Shakespeare's play for the English Alexander.

Fluellen. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gower. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

This association of Falstaff with the king, in his new role as Grecian conqueror, is very interesting, but it is the prologue to Henry 5 which gives the final note of explanation. Nowhere has Shakespeare shown such ardor in triumphantly overcoming the limitations of space as in the chorus of this play.

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour glass: for the which supply
 Admit me Chorus to this history.

Act III. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. . . .

Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

Act V. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea.

When Ben Jonson, in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humor*, congratulates himself that his play is such

As other plays should be;
 Where neither Chorus wafts you o'er the seas, etc.,

he is criticizing with downright directness the prologue-Chorus of *Henry 5*. The author of *Histriomastix* goes about it, in the meandering style of his other burlesques, somewhat as follows: the Chorus in *Henry 5* promises to supply the lack of a miraculous charger, to carry the king and the audience over seas to the field of Agincourt. But *Henry 5* is Alexander: therefore the steed is a would-be Bucephalus.

Bayard, the name for a bay horse in the early romances, is chivalrous, romantic, modern; Bucephalus is classical and antique. 'Bayard' was Edward the First's charger at the storming of Berwick. Marston seizes upon these contrasts and resemblances to ridicule Shakespeare's alleged inability to give a classical tone to a modern subject. Ben Jonson's induction to the *Poetaster* furnishes an exact parallel. Jonson's fond hope that his adversaries would shrink from pursuing him into his domain of classical lore was in a measure realized. But they too were scholars, though far less well equipped; Marston, in particular, emphasizes with unceasing arrogance his gentle breeding and university education. But, whether engaged in one of his numerous quarrels with Jonson, or not, he rarely fails to imitate him. In the present instance, it is to ridicule Shakespeare's 'small Latin and

less Greek.' The antique chorus and the parallel between Henry 5 and Alexander share alike. The soaring Bucephalus is only a Blind Bayard, the symbol of foolhardy ignorance. 'What Bayard bolder than the ignorant?' occurs in the induction to Marston's *What You Will*, and Bullen adds the note: 'a proverb (as old as Chaucer) applied to those who do not look before they leap.' The full meaning of the prologue in *Histriomastix* now becomes plain:

Gentlemen, *in this envious age* we bring Bayard for Bucephalus.
If mired, bogg'd, draw him forth with your favors.

The irony of the classical scholar Marston substitutes this modern Rozinante, to voice Shakespeare's pretended fear of a reprisal on the stage.

The alliteration in 'Bayard for Bucephalus' counts also for something towards explaining the contrast introduced. But the very striking picture of the English horsemen, awaiting the morning of battle, exactly fitted the notion of pitiful warriors upon sorry jades, for which latter 'Blind Bayard' was a popular term.¹

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and the poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Though put in the mouth of a French lord, this was a description of the English army before battle, and the conclusion can scarcely be avoided that it was made to contribute a share to the wretched caricature of Shakespeare's Chorus.

The prologue to the unnamed play in *Histriomastix* continues thus:

Gut (rehearsing). So, promising that we never mean to perform, our prologue peaceth.

Gulch. 'Peaceth?' What peaking Pageanter penned that?
Belch. Who but Master Post-haste?

Gut. It is as dangerous to read his name at a play door
As a printed bill on a plague door.

¹ To ride Bayard of ten toes = ambulare (ride shank's mare).

In the epilogue to 2 Henry 4, Shakespeare casts up his reckoning with his audience for the Falstaff cycle, as far as it had proceeded:

Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play [1 Henry 4?], to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this.

This is followed by the promise of Henry 5:

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue his story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.

Many speculations have been indulged in as to the reason why Shakespeare chose to leave this promise unredeemed in Henry 5. The enigmatical prologue to the First Part of Sir John Oldcastle (1599) protests that

It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin.

If this be a reproach to Shakespeare for his Sir John, as is extremely probable, then the satire in *Histriomastix* utters more than a private sneer. The 'forged invention,' that 'former time defaced,' being Shakespeare's misunderstood creation, for which he craved a more favorable judgment in the epilogue to 2 Henry 4, the author of *Histriomastix* forthwith gives himself the air of a public censor of morals, and makes an unworthy use of his self-constituted office:—all of which is exactly like the satirist Marston. In any case, it seems safe to conclude that *Histriomastix*, which is almost exclusively concerned with the plays in which Falstaff appeared, and which in the present instance is certainly caricaturing Henry 5, must here be tasking Shakespeare with his unfulfilled promise to continue the career of Falstaff in that play.

In the induction to *Every Man out of his Humor*, Ben Jonson assures his audience,

I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing of his merit.

There would appear to be evidence enough that Jonson did not

approve of Shakespeare's deferential tone towards his audience.¹ In this, as in other things, Marston apes him. The conclusion of the prologue to Henry 5,

Who, *prologue*-like your humble *patience* *pray*,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our *play*,

and the epilogue to 2 Henry 4, in which *pray*, *patience*, *play*, *pay* and *promise* play a great part in the argument, suggested to the author of *Histrionastix* the snarling and malicious riming on the letter: 'So, *promising* that we never mean to *perform*, our *prologue* *peaceth*; and, '*Peaceth*?' What *peaking* *pageanter* *penned* that?'² Who but Master *Post-haste*? 'Pageanter' glances askance at the splendid pageantry in the Chorus-prologue of Henry 5, and '*Post-haste*' caps the hated *p*'s with the name of Shakespeare in the play.

The trick of alliteration is then continued in a parody of scenes from Henry 5:

Gut. I'll tear their turret tops,
I'll beat their bulwarks down;
I'll rend the rascals from their rags,
And whip them out of town.

As to form, this was perhaps suggested by Pistol's rant:

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

But in point of matter it is a burlesque of the style of the king himself. Henry 5 thus answers the Dauphin's taunting message:

For many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

¹ Cf. induction to Marston's *What You Will*:

Now out upon't, I wonder what tight brain
Wrung in this custom to maintain contempt
'Gainst common censure; to give stiff counter-buffs,
To crack rude scorn even on the very face
Of better audience. Slight, is't not odious?

'Marston is here plainly referring to the truculent attitude assumed by Ben Jonson towards the audience.'—Bullen's note.

² It is immaterial that this word does not occur in Shakespeare. '*Peaceth*' simply marks the point where a second player snatches the brandished torch of parody from the hands of his fellow.

But the scene before Harfleur (III, 3) corresponds most closely to the verses in *Histriomastix*. Henry 5 threatens:

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The king's speech contains the alliterations 'blind and bloody soldier,' 'fell feats,' 'mad mothers,' 'your fresh-fair virgins,' 'your shrill-shrieking daughters.' It is this forcible and heightened utterance that is caricatured in the mouthings of the parody.

The king's role is sustained in the rehearsal by the player Gut, Post-haste being absent. His fellow Belch declares: 'I'll play the conquering king, that likes me best'; but Gut rejoins: 'Thou play the cowardly knave! Thou dost but jest.' No other characters are mentioned, and these two answer exactly to the title of Shakespeare's play: 'The Chronicle-History of Henry the Fifth, with his battle fought at Agincourt in France. Together with Ancient Pistol.' Pistol is expressly called a 'counterfeit cowardly knave' (V, 1). *Histriomastix* begins with Sir John Falstaff, and, having pursued him through his career—not forgetting a sneer at Shakespeare for his taking off—ends its impotent caricature with Pistol, the last fruit of the old tree.

The comment of the player, Gut, on the mock prologue to Henry 5 must now be considered:

It is as dangerous to read his name at a play door
As a printed bill on a plague door.

This has been explained as indicating that Post-haste was unpopular. The mistaken interpretation is only explainable on the theory that identified Post-haste with some obscure manager of a minor company of players. But Post-haste is Shakespeare, and the satire witnesses unimpeachably to his vogue as a dramatist. 'Dangerous' has exactly the same meaning here as in *Venus and Adonis* 508, 'to drive infection from the dangerous year.' During this whole period, the London statute decreed that no plays should be presented, when the deaths in the city from the plague exceeded forty each week. The frequency of the plague notices on the doors of stricken homes gauged therefore for the players their prospects of plenty or distress. The figure of speech in the text voices the pretence of abhorrence at the fatal contagion of Post-haste's vicious and pestilent dramatic style, but behind this lurks the actual dread, that Shakespeare's unexampled fertility

and popularity as the poet of the Falstaff plays, will deprive the professed playwrights of their most profitable market for plays in his, the standard company. The prosperity of the shareholders in Shakespeare's Blackfriars enterprise is eyed askance in the hit at 'the sharers' (Act V), and the culmination of malice is reached in a diatribe on Post-haste—Shakespeare, not because he acts in plays, but because he writes them :

O age, when every Scrivener's boy shall dip
 Profaning quills into Thessalia's spring ;
 When every artist prentice, that can read
 The pleasant pantry of conceits, shall dare
 To write as confident as Hercules ;
 When every ballad-monger boldly writes,
 And windy froth of bottle-ale doth fill
 Their purest organ of invention—
 Yet all applauded and puffed up with pride,
 Swell in conceit, and load the stage with stuff
 Raked from the rotten embers of stall jests ;
 Which basest lines best please the vulgar sense,
 Make truest rapture lose preëminence.

Clout (fellow-player of Post-haste) answers :

Farewell the muses, poor poet, adieu !
 When we have need, 't may be we'll send for you.

There remain in *Histriomastix* two minor correspondences. Post-haste does a prologue and epilogue extempore. The latter is 'as follows :

The glass is run, our play is done :
 Hence, time doth call, we thank you all.

The concluding verses in the epilogue to *Twelfth Night* are :

But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

Post-haste's fellows commend his extempores thus :

I never heard happier stuff.
 Here's no new luxury or blandishment,
 But plenty of Old England's mother words.

During the early career of Post-haste the company is summoned to Lord Mavortius, who is 'disposed to hear what they can do.' The lord's usher asks, 'What plays have you ?'

- Belch.* Here's a gentleman-scholar writes for us.
 I pray, Master Post-haste, declare for our credits.
Post-haste. For mine own part, [through] this summer season,
 I am desperate of a horse.
Usher. 'Tis well. But what plays have you?
Post-haste. A gentleman's a gentleman that hath a clean
 Shirt on, with some learning. And so have I.
Usher. One of you answer the names of your plays.
Post-haste. Mother Gurton's Needle (a tragedy), etc.

It is evident that these replies were intended to convey more meaning to the audience than the usher found in them. Post-haste is naming plays of his own, using some stage hit for describing them. The second seems uncertain, but the first is probably Richard 3: 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'¹ In the first scenes of *Histriomastix*, before the days of 'stalking high,' Post-haste's is a travelling company.

Besides we that travel, with pumps full of gravel,
 Made all of such running leather,
 That once in a week new masters we seek,
 And never can hold together.

Sonnet 50 has frequently been explained by Shakespeare's travels with his company:

How heavy do I journey on the way!

 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on.

 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan.

Sonnet 51 calls the same beast 'a jade.'

In the *Poetaster* (III, 1) Captain Tucca advises *Histrio* to employ a 'gentleman, whose father was a man of worship,' to write plays for him. This 'parcel-poet' can be no other than Marston, who, under the name of Crispinus, is the butt of the play. He will teach *Histrio* to 'tear and rand,' for 'he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain.' If *Histrio* will give him forty shillings earnest money, he will write (plays) for him.² 'If he

¹ Cf. Marston's *Scourge of Villainy*, VII, 1; *What You Will*, II, 1, 126.

² Under date 28th September, 1599, Henslowe records in his *Diary* that he lent 'unto Mr. Maxton, the new poete [Marston], the sum of forty shillings,' in earnest of an unnamed play.

pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old cracked trumpet.'¹ Tucca condescendingly promises to have the Statute repealed for Histrio. Marston, in *Histriomastix*, calls Post-haste and his company 'proud Statute rogues.'² In the *Poetaster*, Histrio is called a proud player, who has 'Fortune and the good year' on his side. In *Histriomastix*, Chrisoganus (Marston) offers a play to Post-haste's company for £10, and his offer is refused. He retorts as follows:

Ye scraps of wit, base echoes of our voice,
Take heed ye stumble not with stalking high,
Though Fortune reel with strong prosperity.
.
.
.
I hope to see you starve and storm for books (plays);
And in the dearth of rich invention,
When sweet, smooth lines are held for precious,
Then will you fawn and crouch to poesy.

This is the dilemma out of which Marston, in the *Poetaster*, is to extricate Histrio. In *Histriomastix* the confident players anticipate no such necessity, 'while goosequillian Post-haste holds a pen.' Histrio is made to say, in the *Poetaster*: 'We have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain. All the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.' The purpose of *Histriomastix*, as was observed above, is to veil the envy of play-writers lacking patronage beneath a virtuous protest against corrupt plays. Chrisoganus (again Marston) rails thus at Post-haste's company:

Write on, crie on, yawle to the common sort
Of thick-skin'd auditors such rotten stuffs,
More fit to fill the paunch of Esquiline
Than feed the hearings of judicial ears.

In the scene from the *Poetaster* already cited, Captain Tucca, having offered to secure the parcel-poet's (Marston's) services,

¹ Cf. *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*: 'Thou (Horace-Jonson) call'st Demetrius (Dekker) journeyman poet, but thou put'st up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and had'st been still so, but that thou could'st not put a good face upon't. Thou hast forgot how thou ambles in leather pilch by a play wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the Mimics.'

² Cf. *Poetaster*, I, 1: 'They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the Statute, the rascals.'

proceeds to make Histrio admire some atrocious dramatic recitation. Histrio is quite in the situation of Pistol, in Henry 5, when Fluellen makes him eat the leek. One of the elegant extracts with which he is regaled is undoubtedly Pistol's own :

Why, then lament therefore: damned be thy guts
Unto King Plutos Hell, and princely Erebus;
For sparrows must have food.

The corresponding scenes and passages in Shakespeare are extremely characteristic of Pistol, and not concordance-culls, to parallel Jonson.

I'll see her damned first, to Plutos damned lake; by this hand! to the
infernall deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.—2 Henry 4, II, 4.

Why then lament therefore.—2 Henry 4, V, 3.

Young ravens must have food.—Merry Wives, I, 3.

As the Poetaster must have been written after Histriomastix, these correspondences are remarkable. Marston, under an assumed and then under an enforced disguise, is anxious to write for Histrio in both plays, and in both his offer is rejected. In the Poetaster he will teach Histrio how to 'tear and rand,' while in Histriomastix he has already caricatured Histrio's plays in mere rant. Examples of this style are then given in the Poetaster, one of which is now shown to be derived from the very group of plays and characters which are the objects of ridicule in Histriomastix. Histrio, in the Poetaster, is the Player Whipped over again, with a coarse but jovial 'I told you so' added. And, finally, the Histrio of both plays appears to be a caricature of Shakespeare.¹

¹ It seems hardly necessary to do more than refer to the old statement, repeated by C. H. Herford in his biographical account of Ben Jonson, that the Histrio of the Poetaster is Philip Henslowe. There is no proof, and no likelihood, that the illiterate pawn-broking dealer in theatrical properties, and trader in poets' necessities, ever spoke a line of verse on the stage. Had his son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, been singled out for identification, there would at least have been the excuse that the *dominus gregis* (the manager) was sometimes styled *histrio*. But Alleyn also is impossible. 'Of literary ability and tastes, he gives no sign, nor is there any reason to suppose that he had a hand in any of the plays in which he performed on the stage' [G. F. Warner in Dict. Nat. Biog.]. The Histrio of both plays, Histriomastix and Poetaster, is a poet-actor. In the former play, Histrio has been shown to be a burlesque of Shakespeare, and the connection between the corresponding scenes in both plays is now seen to be remarkably close. The natural and unforced conclusion points to the Histrio of the Poetaster as a companion caricature of the great dramatist.

The attack on Marston in the *Poetaster* seems simple enough, because Ben Jonson has explained it. Marston had long provoked him with his petulant style, and received his reward, richly deserved. But the relations between rival companies and competing playwrights in the eventful years 1598-1601 appear to have been far from simple. Mr. Fleay thinks that the companies at all five of the London theatres were engaged in contention at this time.¹ I cannot agree with Simpson that *Histriomastix* shows any traces of Jonson's hand. The play as it stands, whatever may be thought of the alternative ending, appears to be Marston's own. It seems not even to have met with Jonson's approval, as coming from Marston, but it awakened a sympathetic chord, as attacking Shakespeare for the very class of plays which Ben Jonson had opposed in those master-keys to his talent—the prologue and induction to his two plays of *Humors*.

But the lure which the aspiring and generous-souled dramatic artist of 1600 viewed 'high and aloof,' to this the more arrogantly ambitious and intolerant play-writer of 1614 appears to have stooped: a burlesque of Shakespeare, as maker of interludes and puppet-plays. Marston had included in his *Histriomastix* a travesty of *Troilus and Cressida*. The second part of this study will attempt to show that Ben Jonson caricatured the same play in *Bartholomew Fair*.

II.—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Bartholomew Fair was first performed at the Hope Theatre on the Bankside, Oct. 31, 1614. In the Induction, the Book-holder (Prompter) informs the audience that the author has written the play 'to the scale of the grounded judgments here' (i. e. of the groundlings). The motto prefixed to the play declares that Democritus would find food for laughter:

Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo.

As might be expected in such a production, full of the extravagant humors of the Fair, the whole of Act V (one scene excepted) is occupied with a puppet-play: The Ancient Modern History of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends of the Bankside. Shakespeare's *Troilus and*

¹ *Chronicle History*, p. 119.

Cressida has a remarkably similar title: *The Famous History of Troilus and Cresseid*. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus, Prince of Licia.

The simpleton in Jonson's play, Bartholomew Cokes, is made to express the author's mocking opinion of such a title. 'Pretty i' faith; what's the meaning on't? Is't an enterlude, or what is it?' The fate of Troilus and Cressida in the Folio of 1623 makes this coxcomb's criticism read like a prophetic piece of irony. It stands there alone, shouldered out of the tragedies and finding no place in the comedies or histories; it received no paging and was omitted from the table of contents. Modern critics have thought that the play belongs rather to comedy than tragedy. The editors of the Folio of 1623 seem not to have known where to place it; Coke's question in the Motion appears to have troubled them also: 'What's the meaning on't? Is't an enterlude, or what is it?'

The puppet-show man in Bartholomew Fair, the mouth of his puppets, is, like all the rest, the mouth of Jonson's satire; he thus sums up his long experience:

'O the Motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing and so was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove Tuesday: but the Gunpowder plot, there was a get-penny! . . . Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar. They put too much learning in their things now-a-days, and that I fear will be the spoil of this.¹ Littlewit. I say, Micklewit! if not too mickle.'

The author of the motion, thus summoned, appears, and Leatherhead (puppet-show man), Cokes (a rich fool) and the author Littlewit explain the merits of the piece in the following dialogue:

Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.

Leatherhead. By no means, sir.

Cokes. No? How then?

Leath. A better way, sir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience. What do they know what 'Hellespont' is, 'guilty of true love's blood'? or what 'Abydos' is, or, 'the other, Sestos hight'?

Cokes. Thou art in the right; I do not know myself.

Leath. No, I have entreated Master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cokes. How, I pray thee, good Master Littlewit?

¹ The usual ironical gird at Shakespeare.

Littlewit. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir; but there is no such matter, I assure you. I have only made it a little easy and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here, etc.

The lines 'On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,' and 'the one Abydos, the other Sestos hight,' are of course Marlowe's; they are the opening verses in his *Hero and Leander*. Marlowe's sestiads were here held up by Ben Jonson as an example of classical taste, rather than as a modern work of art: the perfect foil of a Greek gem. They were to be recalled by all who could recognize the first lines of the famous poem, while listening to a burlesque of Shakespeare. The studied and elaborate puppet-machinery was not invented for the purpose of extinguishing a John Littlewit. It is Shakespeare and his art that are the objects of merry-seeming but deeply-meditated Condottieri warfare. But Jonson has heightened the comic effect and made good his means of escape from the charge of a wanton attack, by substituting the fable of *Hero and Leander* for that of *Troilus and Cressida*.

The plot of the puppet-play seems to have been suggested by Shakespeare, in a speech of *Troilus* (I, 1):

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

This is one of several instances in the puppet-play where the humor lies in an Eulenspiegel-like, literal interpretation of Shakespeare's metaphors. The situation is then seen to be exactly similar to that imagined by *Troilus*. The 'wild and wandering flood' becomes the river Thames, as easily as Littlewit imagined that river for the toiling Hellespont. *Leander* now crosses to *Hero*, not by swimming, but ferried over—a situation not likely to have been invented independently of *Troilus*' speech.

To find the 'sailing Pandar,' the text of the first scene of the motion must now be examined:

Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous *Leander*.

With a great deal of clóth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
 For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf;
 Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,
 As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be deny'd us.
 Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,
 Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
 And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
 Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and a half.
 Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,
 By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.

Lean. Cole, Cole, old Cole!

Leath. That is the sculler's name without controul.

. . . .

Lean. Why Cole, I say, Cole!

Leath. Is't the sculler you need?

Lean. Ay, and be hang'd.

Leath. Stay, sculler.

Cole. What say you?

Leath. You must stay for Leander
 And carry him to the wench.

Cole. You rogue, I am no pander.

The term 'old coal' meant a pander. In Marston's *Malcontent* an ancient member of that guild, in company with two young women, is saluted thus:

Malevole. Old coal! *Maquerelle.* Old coal!

Malevole. Ay, old coal! methinks thou liest like a brand under these billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderess, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgins' tapers afire.

Jonson hints this meaning broadly in the reply of Leatherhead to Cole's 'I am no pander': 'Are you no pander, goodman Cole? Here's no man says you are. You'll grow a hot coal, it seems.' And Bartholomew Cokes adds, to give the allusion more point: 'He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.' After an animated scuffle between Leatherhead and old Cole, the latter rows Leander to the landing whence Hero has betaken herself to an inn. Cole is no stranger to the situation, for from Greene's *Quip* for an upstart Courtier we learn that the services of watermen were often required for such excursions up the Thames.¹

The second encounter in the puppet-play now claims our attention:

¹ Greene's Works (Huth Lib.), ed. Grosart, vol. II, pp. 270-1.

Now, gentles, I take it here is none of you so stupid,
 But that you have heard of a little god called Cupid;
 Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
 This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.
 And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
 He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
 Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
 Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

Cupid's complaisant metamorphosis results from the distortion of one of Troilus' eager figures of speech. Troilus and Pandarus meet by appointment in the orchard, and Pandarus asks, 'Have you seen my cousin?' Troilus replies:

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 And give me swift transportance to those fields
 Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
 Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

'Charon' is used by Ben Jonson for a Thames-waterman, in his anti-epic, the *Famous Voyage*; but this opportunity of satirizing Troilus' rhetoric had already been taken advantage of in the character of old Cole; and he, being only available for the journey by water, has made his exit. Our author now seizes upon the second excited metaphor,

O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid,

and turns it into the most forbidding prose situation. Pandarus forthwith becomes a drawer (room-waiter and tapster) in the very suspicious inn where Hero is, and henceforward he is called Cupid. Leander (Troilus) waits outside, while Pandarus carries to Hero (Cressida) Troilus' treat of a pint of sherry,

Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her.

In puppet-plays 'it was the fashion for the puppets of the text to introduce themselves to strangers with a propitiatory cup of wine, which preceded their appearance.'¹ This was called a token. The situation travesties a conversation between Pandarus and

¹ Gifford's note.

Cressida about the gift Troilus is to send to his 'stubborn-chaste' mistress.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus. [Exit.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

Leander then follows Pandarus into Hero's room, and the scene continues:

This while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,
And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking.
Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,
Till Cupid, distinguish'd like Jonas the drawer
From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,
Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

The three pints of sherry are suggested in the puppet-play as a suitable means for overcoming Cressida's 'holding off' from Troilus in the drama. She says:

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
.
Therefore this commandment out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

In the same way Cupid's final shot is intended to explain Cressida's sudden change of front, from chaste blushes to forwardness:

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart;—
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troilus' rejoinder, 'Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?', voices every reader's feeling and Jonson's merry incredulity. His own version of Cressida's change of mood is in the spirit of Pandarus' exhortation, 'Shame is a baby':

Hero. O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,
I'll forever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

Leander. And, sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

This is a perversion of Pandarus' gloating pride in his niece: 'Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river'; which Staunton thus explains: 'the falcon (the female hawk) I'll wager to be as good

as the tercel (the male hawk); in other words, I'll back my niece to be as staunch at that game as Troilus.' In the light of the passage in the text, Pandarus' commendation of the pair as 'sweet ducks' raises such a common appellation to the rank of corroborative evidence.

In the same scene Cressida says:

I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;—
If I confess much you will play the tyrant.

We have seen this first glance parodied in the induction of the puppet-play:

Who chanced to come by but fair Hero in a sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and a half.

In *Troilus and Cressida* the scene now changes to the Grecian camp, but in the puppet-play the new characters Damon and Pythias appear at the inn. Up to this point the Greek ideal of romantic love has been travestied, in a vulgar Leander and baser Hero, and it will now perhaps be more readily conceded that Ben Jonson ridiculed the modern ideal of love and constancy, Romeo and Juliet, in his *Poetaster* (IV, 7). The scene in the puppet-play now does for the pair symbolizing Greek friendship what our author has already done for the lovers. His ironical title, 'The Ancient Modern History of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true love, with as faithful a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias,' now receives its application for the second part. There is in *Troilus and Cressida*, it is true, no Damon and Pythias, as there is no Hero and Leander. But the most sacred obligations are set at naught by Diomed towards Cressida, whom Troilus is obliged to entrust to his keeping, as hostage. Troilus' youthful proffer of a truce between himself and Diomed, when Cressida is named, is put by,—Diomed meanwhile vaunting his spirit and his honor. Further considerations needed to establish the identity of Troilus and Diomed with Pythias and Damon will be deferred until the correspondences have added their weight.

First, the puppet-play:

Now, gentles, to the friends who in number are two,
And lodged in that ale-house in which fair Hero does do,

Damon, for some kindness done him last week,
 Is come, fair Hero in Fish-street this morning to seek.
 Pythias doth smell the knavery of the meeting,
 And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.

This is plainly act V, scene 2 in *Troilus and Cressida*, adapted to the purpose of the puppet-play. Troilus, at night, before the tent of Calchas, listens to the knavery of the meeting between Cressida and Diomed, wrenches himself loose from his passion for the 'revolted fair,' and meditates revenge. In the puppet-play a grand final disturbance ensues in the booth, in which all the characters are involved, Leander among them. But this is not surprising; Uhland and Justinus Kerner exercise similar liberties in their *Schattenspiele*. But Jonson avoids any dialogue between the doubles, Leander and Pythias, while Damon and Leander bandy words and blows freely. The conflicts between Troilus and Diomed in the play naturally offer no analogies to the puppet-dialogue, but Thersites more than answers every claim. In act V, scene 4, if looked at from Jonson's point of view, Thersites undertakes the part of master of the puppets towards Diomed and Troilus, giving all the explanations to the audience, and seeming with his asides to urge on either combatant. Thersites' epithets have supplied Jonson—himself a master at railing—with his whole arsenal for this scene. Several of the correspondences, though unusual, are exact, but they are in general extremely coarse. One instance, however, as having a special significance, I beg leave to cite. Thersites says of Diomed (V, 1), 'they say he keeps a Trojan drab'; and later on (V, 4), 'I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain . . . back to the dissembling luxurious drab.' But Leatherhead, who here answers to Thersites, says to the puppets Pythias and Damon: 'I say, between you, you have but one drab.'

It will be remembered that Damon and Pythias are called, in the title of the puppet-play, 'two faithful friends of the Bankside.' This led several critics to suspect that Jonson might be referring to Shakespeare's sonnets, or to circumstances connected with them. Dowden mentions the matter, referring to Elze's *William Shakespeare*, which I have not seen. Thomas Tyler, in his edition of the sonnets, goes so far as to say 'that to Jonson probably the main facts concerning Shakespeare and his friend, and the dark lady (of the sonnets) would be known, even if such

knowledge were not widely diffused among the general public.' The question whether Jonson meant Shakespeare and his friend, in the sneer referred to above, lies beyond the scope of this study. But if it has now become probable that he attacked Shakespeare in such a vital way through *Troilus and Cressida*, a drama that reflects the mood and the diction of the sonnets, and which appears to rest upon the same basis of Shakespeare's personal history, it is obvious that the whole matter enters upon a new and interesting phase.

In the puppet-play Leander is described as

Beating to make the dye take the fuller,
 . . .
 For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf.

Troilus, the youngest son, sits at 'Priam's royal table' and there buries his 'sigh in wrinkle of a smile,' 'lest Hector or my father should perceive me.' He desires that Paris and Helen shall make his excuse, 'if the king call for him at supper.' There is naturally some temptation to make the 'dyer's son about Puddle-wharf' refer to Sonnet 111, in which Shakespeare, addressing his friend, repines at his odious public calling as a player:

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

The same literal perversion of figures of speech, as that on which Jonson relied for the caricature of *Troilus*, might conceivably have been active here, in wresting awry almost the only passage in which Shakespeare is known to have told the world of his life, in his own name. But the explanation, should it be found, may turn out to be more simple. Was Puddle-wharf a dyers' neighborhood, and does Jonson fasten this calling upon Leander (*Troilus*) for the sake of the 'great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf'? *Cressida's* sleeve, which *Troilus* wears, had already helped out Marston's parody in *Histriomastix*:

Troilus. Come *Cressida*, my cresset light,
 Thy face doth shine both day and night.
 Behold, behold thy garter blue
 Thy knight his [Qy. on?] valiant elbow wears,
 That when he shakes his furious spear
 The foe in shivering fearful sort
 May lay him down in death to snort.

Cressida. O knight, with valor in thy face,
 Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;
 Within thy helmet put the same,
 Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

But if the 'dyer's son' still resists any completely satisfactory explanation, the hint conveyed in 'Puddle-wharf' is plain. In the month of March, 1612-13, Shakespeare bought a house, with ground attached, near to the Blackfriars Theatre, 'abutting upon a streete leading down to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties wardrobe.'¹ Rossiter's Theatre in the Blackfriars (1615) was called the 'playhouse in Puddle Wharf.'² It is therefore safe to conclude that this locality in Hero and Leander means old Blackfriars, the Burbadge-Shakespeare theatre.

Any further pursuit of the question of personal criticism, in the puppet-play, is beset with difficulties. With the real Shakespeare shrouded from view, all evidence of this kind must remain in some measure shadowy. But Jonson is chiefly concerned with Shakespeare's art, and here it seems not impossible to detect and follow the course of his raillery. In the preceding pages the attempt has been made to trace out in some detail his method of reckoning with Shakespeare for the 'Ancient Modern History' of Troilus and Cressida. But at this point the puppet-play caricature was expanded to include another play of Shakespeare, the outlines of which are now discernible in the satire.

HENRY WOOD.

¹ Staunton's Preface, xliii.

² Fleay, Chronicle History, pp. 263-4.